

MILLENNIUM TRILOGY: THE GIRL WHO PLAYED WITH FIRE

Adapted Screenplay - ACT I+II First Draft

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Based on the book

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INT. ST. STEFAN'S CHILDREN'S PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC - DAY 43 (NIGHT)
- 1999

The room is dark, but only for an inch of light from above a door. A young girl - 13/14 - is manacled to a steel bed. She peers at the door - footsteps approach. She struggles, kicks and pulls on her restraints. The click of a lock draws her attention. A clear white rectangle opens up, a head peers in, she squints to look at the head - The creak of the door makes her wince as a slither of light shines upon her face. A silhouette walks toward her - leans on the foot of the bed.

A moment of nasal breathing -

MAN
(pause)
Happy Birthday -

She kicks out like a coiled serpent - but the man is too fast. She brushes past his beard, clips his glasses - He grabs her legs under his arm to force them down.

MAN
Now, now - we know what happens when
you fight.

Tightening her midriff restraint, the man reaches beside the bed to produce a manacle, he secures an ankle then fastens the restraint around it.

MAN
It is a special day for you.

Leaning over the bed he takes another manacle, affixes her other ankle. He runs his hand up her calf, flexes his hand as he pulls down her nightgown covering up her legs.

MAN
I came to give you a present.

His hand approaches her sweaty forehead - he flicks back her fringe. She turns her head - he frowns. Her silence.

MAN
We must learn to -

Subtly, he smells his hand as if pondering.

MAN
Get along like *adults* do!

She struggles further as he leans on her midriff.

MAN

And part of being an adult is being trustworthy.

He edges even closer, applying his weight to her chest.

MAN

Trust, you see - is established within adult friendships by a series of instances.

He leans closer, tries to gain eye contact, but she turns away. A bead of sweat trickles down his forehead.

MAN

In *this* instance, you are what is known as a trustor - and I - the trustee.

A bead of sweat hits her twitching mouth as she struggles to maintain her silence. Her eyelids flutter slightly.

MAN

But... in another instance -

Again, he attempts to establish eye contact. She jaunts away, maintaining her silenced insolence -

MAN

In *another instance*, I might be the trustor - and you - the trustee.

His eyes dance around her face for a moment - *finally* - his head drops down with a sharp nasal exhale.

MAN

(paced)

I can see you want to take all of this in.

She looks at him with fright as he stands. Silhouetted, he takes a blindfold out of his pocket.

MAN

Those instances are coming -

He forces the blindfold over her jolting head, applies the blindfold with both sets of fingers whilst rubbing his thumbs and palms across her lips and cheeks.

MAN

(hushing her)

And - we will - have a mutually beneficial adult friendship.

He pulls away from the bed. Darkness - *breathy silence* - time ticks away. Within the blackness, she can see the light around his figure. Her thoughts turn to murder as his outlined whiteness turns to a corona of amber then red - she imagines his burning body writhing in pain - she smiles -

MAN
(hurried)
But I can see you need more time to
think it over.

He walks out of the room, she begins to breath heavily through her nostrils. The door slams, locks with a heavy bolt. The observation hatch opens -

MAN
Happy birthday.

Her breathing becomes heavier as she lets out a frustrated scream. Visions of her father, destruction and fire encircle through her mind.

EXT. SALANDER'S OLD APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)
Lisbeth.

Blomkvist rings the bell a few times.

INT. SALANDER'S OLD APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Mikael Blomkvist - 40ish - peers through Lisbeth Salander's letterbox. He yells through the letterbox.

BLOMKVIST
Lisbeth - are you in there?

He peers down through the letterbox the furthest he can and sees that a pile of mail has built up - *but has been moved to one side*. He presses the doorbell a few more times. After pondering for a moment, he crouches back down to the letterbox - opens it - starts sniffing. Looks at his phone, dials her number - voicemail once again.

He takes out a letter from his pocket, *should he post it?*

BLOMKVIST
Fuck it.

Posts it through the letterbox.

EXT. TUNNELBANA - LATER

Blomkvist walks to the entrance of the Tunnelbana and descends down a flight of stairs. His cellphone rings, he answers it -

ERIKA (O.C.)
Mikael, where are you?

BLOMKVIST
I'm running a little late.

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Erika sits at a table with a coffee.

ERIKA
A little late? You were due to meet
half an hour ago Mikael.

BLOMKVIST
Yes, I'm sorry, I -

EXT. TUNNELBANA PLATFORM 3 - CONTINUOUS

Mikael arrives on the platform, his train is at the platform. He performs a double-take as he sees Lisbeth Salander. She is the same mid 20s, dark haired girl, clad in leather, that he knew and grew accustomed to. He peers at her like a Meerkat. She glances at him, she doesn't react, he goes to shout her, she looks away and gets on the train.

BLOMKVIST
(mumbling)
Erika, I'll see you soon.

ERIKA (O.C.)
Mikael -

Blomkvist ends the call, scurries through a crowd of people to get on the train. Realising he won't reach her carriage, he cuts in and just makes it through his nearest door.

EXT./INT. TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

He hurries through the door to the next carriage, Salander is pacing away.

BLOMKVIST
Lisbeth -

She doesn't answer, Mikael bumps into fellow passengers as he

tries to catch up.

BLOMKVIST

Excuse me.

Lisbeth -

She moves through the carriage - opens a door to the next carriage. Blomkvist is slow to catch up due to his apologetic scurrying through standing passengers. He catches up to within a few steps, reaches out to tap her.

BLOMKVIST

Lisbeth!

He tugs on the shoulder of Salander only to realise that his mind has been playing tricks. A Goth-looking, young woman turns to him.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hey!

BLOMKVIST

Oh - I'm sorry, I thought -

YOUNG WOMAN

You thought what you fucking crank?
- fuck off!

Blomkvist shrugs and sighs as the young woman walks off. *How could he be so mistaken?* He glances to his right and an elderly lady abruptly turns her attention away from him - He realises he is on the wrong train. *Fuck!*

PICTURES

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EXT. CAFE HEDON - ESTABLISHING

INT. CAFE HEDON - DAY

Nils Erik Bjurman, mid-50s, bearded, droopy eyes, unkempt - sits at a table in a cafe with a coffee. Glancing out of the window at the street as if he is looking for someone. In reality, he is lost in dream-land.

Turns to laptop - starts typing up an unfinished document.

NOTE: Changes below are INSERTS only:

A flashing cursor next to a column that reads:

General behaviour: |

Bjurman takes a moment to ponder his options, - huffs - begins to type - *Ms. Sallander... is showing a willingness to engage within normal social behaviour patterns. She regularly visits a gym in Slussen, meets with friends for gatherings and attends a weekly art class.*

Bjurman grimaces - scratches the botched tattoo that Salander gave him.

Types - Lisbeth fucking Salander also broke into my apartment; where she tazered me, tied me to my bed, forcibly entered a masturbation tool into my anus and then tattooed a defamatory allegation onto my chest. She concocted a bizarre fantasy that I sexually abused her.

Bjurman takes a French fry from a his plate - places it in his mouth. Looking back at his laptop screen, he notices a rather large white space where more text should go. Highlighting his last paragraph, he deletes it, mouses to save and closes the text document.

Stroking his face with his hand, he glances out of the window again at a city passing him by.

EXT. TAVERNA - ESTABLISHING

Blomkvist walks to Taverna, he is smoking a cigarette.

INT. TAVERNA - DAY.

Erika notices Blomkvist outside, she huffs. He smiles wryly. She stands and walks outside.

EXT. TAVERNA - MOMENTS LATER

Erika and Blomkvist sit at a table outside.

ERIKA

So you're smoking again?

A waiter brings them two cups of coffee.

BLOMKVIST

Just temporarily.

ERIKA

I was supposed to meet Greger at the theatre in twenty minutes.

BLOMKVIST

Still time -

ERIKA

I cancelled because I'm worried, and wanted to see you. Where have you been? Why are you so late?

BLOMKVIST

I stopped by an old friends - Then got on the wrong train coming to meet you.

Erika leans in.

ERIKA

You've not been yourself of late Mikael. You're Smoking, drinking -

Blomkvist huffs.

ERIKA

Excessively at times.

BLOMKVIST

Hardly -

ERIKA

At times.

An awkward silence drips on the pair like thick, black boiling oil. Blomkvist leans in and fiddles with a piece of paper.

ERIKA

Is it?

BLOMKVIST

Is it what?

Erika leans in and grabs Blomkvist's hands.

ERIKA

You know what I'm talking about -
Vanger? -

Erika's voice is overpowered by the sound of a Honda CB350 - Salander's bike - It chugs past in a low gear. The biker looks at Blomkvist, Blomkvist looks back, he peels back in his chair. It's a courier. -

ERIKA

Mikael!

Blomkvist snapped his head back. Light bulb moment.

BLOMKVIST

What?

Erika looks on perplexed.

BLOMKVIST

I'm not feeling too well, long night
- Do you have the contact details of
the current Intern?

ERIKA

Yes.

BLOMKVIST

Can I have it?

Erika gives Blomkvist a scornful look.

BLOMKVIST

I need some research doing.

ERIKA

You're not working on anything.

BLOMKVIST

I am.

ERIKA

Mikael, you haven't worked on anything good for months.

BLOMKVIST

Oh and you're hardly producing Pulitzer prize winning material.

Blomkvist reels back from an explosive situation. Erika is looking away in disgust.

BLOMKVIST

Look, it's something I've been keeping close to my chest. You know how careful I've been since Wennerstrom.

ERIKA

Is it complete? What is the subject? Have you had it approved? -

Blomkvist looks weary.

ERIKA

Mikael, is it even for the magazine?

BLOMKVIST

Yes. It just needs a bit of work.

ERIKA

Well why don't you use your previous research assistant?

Blomkvist shakes his head.

BLOMKVIST

This is a a little diminutive for her skill-sets.

ERIKA

I bet it is.

BLOMKVIST

Plus, she's dear.

Erika misunderstands.

ERIKA

Is she?

BLOMKVIST

Not what I meant and you know it.

Erika holds a cold stare. Blomkvist makes a 'pretty please'

face. It doesn't kill the atmosphere, however, Erika gives in and takes her cellphone out.

ERIKA
You *know* who her father is.

BLOMKVIST
Yes.

ERIKA
I mean it Mikael.

BLOMKVIST
I know.

ERIKA
She looks up to you.

BLOMKVIST
She does?

ERIKA
She is only seventeen.

BLOMKVIST
I... She - That's a surprise.

Erika frowns.

ERIKA
Check your phone, I've sent it.

Creating a ruse, Blomkvist stands - checks his pockets.

BLOMKVIST
Shit! - I've left my phone on the train. Look, you go meet Greger I have to go to the SL office, see if anyone has handed it in.

He leans over and kisses Erika. Then walks away towards the road. Erika is lost for words.

BLOMKVIST
I have backups of my work on it.

ERIKA
Wait, I'll ring it -
...We also have to discuss the interviews for the new interns and the third-quarter *publications* -

Blomkvist hails a taxi.

BLOMKVIST

Right. I'll come in early tomorrow or
something and we'll go over it. Have
fun at the Theatre.

Blomkvist smiles as he opens the taxi door, gets in. He looks relieved but tired. Erika is left looking stunned and bemused.

INSERT: Blomkvist's cell - takes his phone off silent.

Blomkvist makes a call.

BLOMKVIST

Hello, yes it's Mikael... I have a
little work that needs completing
this evening, are you free?... Great,
I'll meet you at Stiffy's around
five... I'll explain when you get
there... Just don't be late...

Mikael hangs up.

EXT. BJURMAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

The sun sets on the hustle and bustle of Upplandsgatan.

INT. BJURMAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

Bjurman is sitting at his desk in his apartment. He is dressed as if he has either just come home, or is going out.

INSERT: Bjurman's PC screen - He is sending a message over Social Network, reads:

Hello Greta, I am leaving soon. Could I possibly spend the night in the spare room? Will discuss when I get there. Tell my lovely niece that I have a present for her. Love, Ad.

Bjurman turns to his desk and picks up one of two scruffy, old Nokia cellphones. The other one has the back off and SIM card out. He places a call -

INSERT: Sticker on the back of the phone reads: SAFE

BJURMAN

Hello... This is Bjurman, I need a
driver... Yes, usual location...
About thirty minutes please.

EXT. STIFFY'S BAR - ESTABLISHING

Young trendy students stand outside a bar. Plague - late 20s - 300lbs in weight - walking cliché of a nerd. Walks up to the bar - young girls laugh at him as he enters.

INT. STIFFY'S BAR - DUSK

An LCD TV mounted on a wall shows the news.

REPORTER (O.C.)

Actress Christine Rutherford and her partner have taken into custody after claims that they deliberately released letters claiming to be from a serial stalker. Reports are suggesting that the couple manufactured the situation to gain publicity for her new theatre play - In other news.

Blomkvist is eating lunch and having a drink - looking through an alternative magazine. He turns to his side, sips a bit of red wine, stands to greet Plague.

BLOMKVIST

Oh, hey, Plague. You got my message - Thanks for coming.

The bartender looks at Plague, *not the usual sort here.*

PLAGUE

How did you find me?

BLOMKVIST

I'll tell you what, why don't we find a booth.

Blomkvist gestures to the bartender.

BLOMKVIST

Two lagers please?

PLAGUE

You're paying.

INT. STIFFY'S BAR - MOMENT LATER

Blomkvist and Plague sit in a dimly lit booth. Plague's cellphone is on the table.

BLOMKVIST
I need someone to do a bit of
sensitive research for me. Similar to
Harriet Vanger in London.

PLAGUE
(pause)
Go on.

Taken aback, Blomkvist was expecting some other answer.

BLOMKVIST
I have to admit, I've tried to contact
Lisbeth about the job but she's
nowhere to be seen.

PLAGUE
I haven't seen her.

Blomkvist - irked.

BLOMKVIST
You know, I'm curious - you didn't
recommend Lisbeth first off -

Plague is becoming restless.

PLAGUE
Like I said, I haven't seen her.
You're a good researcher - Why do you
need me? What is this - job?

Blomkvist holds his hand up and takes a drink of lager.

BLOMKVIST
Here's what I know. I know that you
don't usually accept jobs without
Lisbeth. You rely on her - *abilities*
- as much as she relies on your
technical savvy.

Plague is letting Blomkvist do all the talking.

BLOMKVIST
Look - It's a job for a very wealthy
client who wants a biography writing
-

Plague smiles.

PLAGUE
Like the Vanger '*biography*'?

BLOMKVIST
How do you know about that?

He's got him. Plague stalls slightly.

PLAGUE
I heard you and Wasp in London.

BLOMKVIST
I'm sorry, wasp?

PLAGUE
Salander.

BLOMKVIST
You see that's not possible -

PLAGUE
Do you have a job or did you just ask
me here to talk about her?

BLOMKVIST
So she is in Sweden then?

INSERT: Plague's cellphone vibrates - Screen lights up - A
counter is counting down, it is recording their conversation.

Blomkvist quickly picks up the cellphone, wrongfully thinking
that Salander is listening.

BLOMKVIST
Lisbeth?

Plague snatches the cellphone.

PLAGUE
She's not on the phone.

Plague stands up, checks his cellphone.

BLOMKVIST
So you're what - recording this for
her?

PLAGUE
Stop wasting my time! - *And don't
follow me or I'll upload animal porn
to your computer in work.*

Plague walks out of the bar. Blomkvist waits for him to leave
then takes out his cellphone, rings a number -

BLOMKVIST
It's me... He should be coming out of

the bar now.... You can't miss him...
Like we said... Yes, follow him all
the way.

Blomkvist hangs up.

EXT. BJURMAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING

A driver stops outside Bjurman's apartment.

INT. BJURMAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Bjurman does one last quick check - opens his front door - leaves
- placing a piece of string in between his frame and door.

EXT. BJURMAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Bjurman shuffles toward the waiting vehicle, stops short of
entering. Looks around the vicinity. Looks over at a rustling
bush, scrambles to put on his glasses. Nothing. *It must have
been a cat or dog* - enters the vehicle.

BJURMAN

Yes, you know where I am going.

Bjurman looks up at the rear view mirror.

BJURMAN

You aren't my usual driver.

Bjurman's eyes are met by a blonde giant. He is so tall that
his seat is adjusted as low as possible. Bright blonde hair -
Gearstick is none existent under his massive, muscled hand. The
blonde giant looks at a Sat Nav system in the dashboard - presses
a button.

INSERT: Sat Nav reads: Location - Stallarholmen. Distance - 82.1
KM. Time - Approx. 1.1 hr(s).

Bjurman buckles up as the blonde giant sets off.

EXT. PLAGUE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A rather beautiful young blonde woman, Ina Gouden - 17 - stands shivering at the corner of a gritty looking estate. Blomkvist gets out of a taxi.

BLOMKVIST

Is he here?

INA

Yes, I did what you said, he went to the thirteenth floor.

BLOMKVIST

Was he alone?

Ina gives an innocent smile and nod. She adores Blomkvist. He smiles back at her - she jumps in for a hug. Blomkvist retorts slightly - looks, smiles at the taxi driver who turns away quickly - Blomkvist lightly pushes her away.

BLOMKVIST

Ina, listen. We're friends right?

INA

Of course Mr. Blomkvist.

Blomkvist escorts Ina to the waiting taxi.

BLOMKVIST

I wish you would stop calling me that.
Okay, well this - assignment - is quite delicate. If anyone from Millennium should ask -

Ina zips her mouth - throws away the key.

BLOMKVIST

Precisely.

INA

You'll have to be nice to me then
Mmmmm -

BLOMKVIST

Mikael.

Blomkvist gives her a few thousand Krona - puts her in a taxi and taps the top of the taxi as it drives off. Blomkvist thinks - waves his arms - runs toward the taxi. Ina winds down the window - Blomkvist sticks his head in.

BLOMKVIST
Would you like to learn a surefire way
of getting someone to open their door
to you?

INT. PLAGUE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

INSERT: Ina knocks on a door - spied at through the keyhole.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Who is it?

Blomkvist hides aside the door - shakes his head.

INA
Sorry wrong number.

They move away. Blomkvist looks around the corridor. His eyes fixate on a murky, unkempt door near the end of the corridor. He beckons Ina toward it -

BLOMKVIST
*Remember, when he opens the door, run
away and get straight back in that
taxi.*

They move closer to the door - the heavy metal music becomes louder. Blomkvist has a look on his face as if to say: *Well of course it would be.*

INA
Is this the one?

Blomkvist shushes Ina - creeps to the side of the door. He nods to Ina who knocks on the door. No answer. She knocks again. No answer. Blomkvist knocks heavily.

PLAGUE
Who is it?

INA
Church of the latter day saints. We
are giving out free...

The door unlocks.

PLAGUE
Fuc -

The door opens, Blomkvist steps in, applies all his weight to the door. Plague jumps back - Blomkvist barges in.

BLOMKVIST

Ina, go!

PLAGUE

What the fuck?

Ina trots down the hallway as Blomkvist closes the door.

BLOMKVIST

Is she here? Lisbeth -

Plague lunges for Blomkvist, Blomkvist skips back - picks up a keyboard for a shield. Plague takes swipe, hits the keyboard, keys fall on the floor.

BLOMKVIST

Plague! - Plague. Wait, wait. Listen
I'll pay you -

Plague stops in his tracks.

PLAGUE

How much?

EXT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - EVENING

Taxi pulls up at a small, but secure looking cottage.

BJURMAN

Remember to tell your manager that
this is strictly off the record.

Bjurman gets out of the taxi - leans in the window of the driver side. Takes a rolled up wad of cash out, hands it to the giant blonde man. The man gets out of the car. He is huge, dwarfing a six-foot plus Bjurman.

Stepping around the back of the car the giant blonde man opens the boot - takes out Bjurman's boxes. A yellow post-it note on one reads: Salander.

BJURMAN

Thank you but here is fine.

The man walks toward the cottage with the boxes - when he gets to the step, Bjurman blocks his passage.

BJURMAN

Please, sir. You are very kind, here
will do.

The man bends down placing the boxes at Bjurman's feet. The wind swirls around leaves as the man walks away. Bjurman waits for

him to get in his car and leave before he goes into the house.

EXT. STALLARHOLMEN - MOMENTS LATER

The man pulls up the taxi, not far from Bjurman's cabin. He takes out a cellphone - sends a message.

INSERT: **RECIPIENT** - **ZALA**. TEXT: *FOWND HIS HOME, WOT 2 DO.*

The man waits for a few seconds - his cellphone rings.

ZALA

Good. Keep an eye on him, make sure he isn't being watched by the Police or her. I will call you with further instructions.

The man hangs up, parks up - goes to his boot. He takes out a bag, throws it over his shoulder, walking off.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - EVENING

A computer monitor with a web-cam stream of Plague's apartment. Blomkvist leans against the window smoking. Plague appears to be typing on his computer.

BLOMKVIST

Okay, so after London. What do you know? Where did she -

PLAGUE

I do have work to do you know?

INT. PLAGUE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BLOMKVIST

I thought hackers could multitask?

PLAGUE

No, that's just women.

INT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Under a desk-light, Bjurman unpacks files, documents from boxes. (LABELLED). He turns into the darkness.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)
So, tell me and I'll leave you to your
work.

Bjurman turns on a work-light - we see a large collection of letters, photographs, government documents, arrest warrants, as well as other documents pinned to it.

INSERT: Police picture of Salander in the centre of a swathe of information.

PLAGUE (O.C.)
Well after we came back from London,
she changed.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)
How?

Bjurman starts a fire, takes off his jacket. He picks up a glass, a bottle - stands in front of his shrine.

INSERT: Image of Bjurman pouring a drink near his shrine through his window. The blonde giant man is looking through binoculars.

PLAGUE (O.C.)
She came around here a lot more.
Before London, she only came if she
wanted something.

Bjurman skirts over some information on his wall.

INSERT: Social Worker's report reads: *At age seventeen, Lisbeth Salander was arrested on suspicion of solicitation after being caught by authorities sitting on a park bench with an intoxicated middle-aged man.*

INTERCUT: Blomkvist blows smoke out his nose.

Bjurman tilts his head as he reads further down the page.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)
Like what?

PLAGUE (O.C.)
Whatever she needed for work.

INSERT: A highlighted sentence - a Social Worker's report reads:

Her sexual promiscuity places her in a particularly vulnerable social standing. In my expert opinion, close monitoring is needed by the Guardianship Agency. She may be at risk of resorting to prostitution.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)

I think I get the picture. Go on.

PLAGUE (O.C.)

She came here more and was less... I don't know, less direct. She seemed happy for once. She once told me the reason that she didn't like coming around.

Bjurman takes a drink, moves to a letter from independent social workers.

INSERT: Letter from independent social workers agency. Professor Buckley and Dr. Mullins-Sweatt - Highlighted section in letter reads - *Although Salander is antagonistic and violent, she doesn't appear to lack a conscience, which is the hallmark trait of a psychopath. While she may not always follow society's rules, she does have her own set of moral principles that abide by a code of right and wrong.*

Bjurman tears down the letter and bins it.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)

Which was?

INTERCUT: Plague holds out his hands either side of him and glances around.

PLAGUE

Take a look around you. She thinks of me as a slob.

INSERT: Blomkvist takes a smoke - looks at Plague as if to say, 'Oh really?' -

Bjurman flips up a page of a psychologist report.

INSERT: Psychologists report, highlighted text reads: *a woman who, during her teens, was in-and-out of psychiatric units, who is understood to make her living as a prostitute, who was declared incompetent by the district court, and who has been documented as having violent tendencies.*

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)

So she came around more.

PLAGUE (O.C.)

She seemed happy, but lonely. What

more can I say?

Bjurman picks up a Dictaphone.

INSERT: Bjurman says 'Salander' into his Dictaphone.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)

Well, did she mention anything about
- anything?

PLAGUE (O.C.)

I think she was seeing someone.

Bjurman takes a pin - sticks it in the centre of a picture of Salander. He ties a white piece of string around it - leads it to a deposit in a bank statement.

INSERT: Deposit from - Milton Security - PIN.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)

What makes you say that?

PLAGUE (O.C.)

She would smile at texts on her phone.
When I asked her about it, she'd
change the subject.

Bjurman then leads the string to a pin that sticks into the forehead of Dragan Armansky, which in turn, is stuck to a letter from Milton Security.

INSERT: Letter from Milton Security reads - *Dear Mr. Bjurman, I can confirm that a Ms. Salander is employed with our company working as an office assistant. Before releasing the details of her duties, I will of course, have to confer with our legal department.*

INSERT: Further down the page: Signed by *Dragan Armansky*.

INT. PLAGUE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Blomkvist runs his index finger across a dusty monitor.

BLOMKVIST

Could've have been funny videos.

PLAGUE

It was a back-and-forth exchange. You know, texting someone. She used a spare computer I had and when she left I checked the internet history.

BLOMKVIST

And?

INT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Bjurman takes the string and loops it around a pin stuck in a Polaroid of a picture Blomkvist with his daughter.

INSERT: A post-it note on picture reads: *Why was a picture of reporter Mikael Blomkvist in her apartment?*

PLAGUE (O.C.)

She searched for 'Custom Motorbike protective wear Sweden'.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)

What? When was this?

PLAGUE (O.C.)

Before Christmas.

Bjurman takes the string, runs it to a newspaper clipping.

INSERT: Newspaper clipping headline reads: *Exposé journalist Mikael Blomkvist in second accusation against Hans-Erik Wennerstrom.*

INSERT: Blomkvist lights up another cigarette.

BLOMKVIST

When I went back to work.

Bjurman opens a file box and takes out an envelope.

PLAGUE (O.C.)

A few days later she came here and she was mega pissed.

Bjurman takes out a letter and pins it near a police picture of Salander.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)

What about?

INSERT: Psychologists report by a *Dr. Peter Teleborian.*

PLAGUE (O.C.)

She sat right there and didn't say a word. Just glared out the window and smoked.

Bjurman takes out a highlighter and highlights parts of the report.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)
What day was this?

INSERT: Bjurman highlights "Psychotic".

PLAGUE (O.C.)
Christmas eve, Christmas day, I
forget, I was high.

INSERT: Bjurman says "Psychotic" into a Dictaphone.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)
Go on.

PLAGUE (O.C.)
After a few hours, she said she was
going away for a while, stood up and
walked out.

INSERT: Bjurman highlights "Obsessive".

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)
Did you ask where?

INSERT: Bjurman says "Obsessive" into a Dictaphone.

PLAGUE (O.C.)
I thought she meant from me.

INSERT: Bjurman highlights "Paranoid".

PLAGUE (O.C.)
A few weeks later, we started getting
jobs from her.

INSERT: Bjurman highlights "Schizophrenic".

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)
Where was she?

INSERT: Bjurman says "Schizophrenic" into Dictaphone.

PLAGUE (O.C.)
Everywhere.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)
What were the jobs?

INSERT: Bjurman highlights "Ego-maniacal Psychopath".

PLAGUE (O.C.)
Random cracking jobs, information
gathering, network hacking. Usual.

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)
Why didn't she do it herself?

INSERT: Bjurman says "Ego-maniacal Psychopath" into Dictaphone.

PLAGUE (O.C.)
Maybe she was having too much of a good time. She paid well enough.

Bjurman smiles as he stands back and looks at his fine work. *This is how he will get back at her.* He looks up at a CD Salander left behind of him raping her. A piece of string leads to her criminal record - The section named 'Next of Kin' is empty.

INT. PLAGUE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BLOMKVIST
Er. How did she contact you?

PLAGUE
Encrypted email.

BLOMKVIST
You wouldn't happen to have that?

PLAGUE
What's it worth?

BLOMKVIST
Next year Millennium are running a story on Internet hackers. How would you like to help?

PLAGUE
No thanks. But if I see anything about me I'll -

BLOMKVIST
Yes, the animal porn. I get it.

Plague picks up a post-it note - writes down an e-mail address.

PLAGUE
Here.

BLOMKVIST
What's this?

PLAGUE
The first is Salander's. The second is a name of someone for your story. Make sure he is in it.

BLOMKVIST

OK, I have your address. I'll mail you
a cheque. What is your name?

Blomkvist takes out a pen. Plague, looks at him as if he has
just committed a cardinal sin. Blomkvist retracts the pen.

BLOMKVIST

I'll leave it blank.

Blomkvist goes to leave -

PLAGUE

She won't come back.

BLOMKVIST

Well I guess I'll have to peak her
interest.

Blomkvist looks up at the terribly hidden web-cam on top of a
bookcase. Opens the door and walks out. A few seconds later,
Plague's cellphone rings.

PLAGUE

How was that?... I added some bits...
He paid more than you...
Is any of it true?... He obviously
cares.

Plague looks at his cellphone. He huffs.

EXT. STALLARHOLMEN - ESTABLISHING

EXT. STALLARHOLMEN - MORNING

Birds tweet and the Forest is awakening around the blonde giants
car. Morning dew clings to the grass and it is a fresh morning.
The blonde giant is awoken in his car.

INSERT: Cellphone. Caller ID: ZALA.

The blonde giant answers the call.

ZALA

Ronald - Is he still there?

Ronald Niedermann keys his phone, a tone rings out.

ZALA

Prep him for questioning. Ring me
when he is ready.

Niedermann hangs up the phone, gets out of his car.

EXT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Niedermann walks toward Bjurman's cabin. He sneaks up to a window and peers in the window.

INSERT: Bjurman's cabin, empty.

For a large man, he sneaks rather well around to another window. He hears muffled music coming from somewhere. Where is that music coming from? He looks around and notices that behind the cabin is a rather new looking small wood-shed. He slowly walks toward it holding his pistol under his jacket.

EXT. MILLENNIUM OFFICE - ESTABLISHING

It is a rainy, gloomy day.

INT. MILLENNIUM OFFICES - MORNING

Blomkvist is checking his e-mails on his cellphone whilst finishing a cigarette.

INSERT: Blomkvist's cellphone - no new emails.

Blomkvist tuts - walks into the office. Whispers circle as he takes off his jacket, hangs it up and smiles. Erika is in her office talking to a man. Blomkvist looks at Ina who is sitting at her desk filing her nails.

BLOMKVIST

Who?

INA

Interviews.

Blomkvist huffs - makes his way up the stairs to Erika's office.

INT. ERIKA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Erika is interviewing Dag Svensson. Pre-30s, primal, good looking, fit as a butcher's dog.

DAG

And then I interned at TV4 -

Erika notices Blomkvist.

ERIKA
Here is Mikael now.

Dag stands to attention. Blomkvist enters the office.

BLOMKVIST
I'm sorry I'm late, traffic.

Erika frowns at Blomkvist.

ERIKA
Mikael - Meet Dag Svensson. He is come
today to talk about his project.

BLOMKVIST
Oh, Hi -

Blomkvist grabs an office chair - is fumbles with it. Dag looks at Erika, Erika smiles. Finally Blomkvist takes his seat at the left-hand side of of Erika's desk. Dag sits down. Erika leans over the desk at Dag.

ERIKA
I'm sorry. Have you met Mikael.

DAG
No, but I read your work on
Wennerstrom. It inspired me to -

ERIKA
Did you hear that Mikael, you
inspired someone.

Blomkvist looks at Erika. Chin resting in his palm.

ERIKA
Mikael, we were just going over Dag's
employment history. He worked with
Thorn over at TV4.

Blomkvist smiles wryly.

BLOMKVIST
Oh... How is Thorn?

DAG
Yes, he is fine.

BLOMKVIST
Good.

ERIKA
Why don't you finish your history?

DAG

Well, after TV4 - I interned at STV in Glasgow, there I primarily worked on fact-based entertainment.

ERIKA

And how did you find Scotland?

DAG

Strange - I've never eaten so much fat-rich food in my life.

Erika laughs. Blomkvist smiles.

ERIKA

Well - You look like you work out so I'm sure you deserved it -

Blomkvist leans to Erika's phone - picks up the receiver.

BLOMKVIST

Excuse me.

He punches in a few numbers.

BLOMKVIST

Ina. Could you bring in some coffee's for us?

Erika shakes her head.

BLOMKVIST

Dag?

DAG

No thank you. I've already -

BLOMKVIST

Just for me Ina.

Blomkvist puts down the phone. Erika is not happy -

BLOMKVIST

So, Dag - Why don't you tell us what you're working on?

ERIKA

Dag already briefed me before you came.

BLOMKVIST

I'm sure Dag doesn't mind.

Erika smiles and looks at Dag.

DAG
No, of course.

EXT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - MORNING

Niedermann slowly walks up to the wood-shed. Muffled music can be heard from within. There are no windows, one door - one long power cable coming from the house. Niedermann creeps up aside, places his ear against the shed. Nothing but *muffled music*.

Niedermann comes around to the door - gently presses on it, the door appears to be locked. It is a sturdily built cabin, it looks solid. Looking at the seams of the door, he makes out the faintest of glimmers of light and shadows. Bjurman must be in there. It is a waiting game from here on in.

INT. MILLENNIUM OFFICES - MORNING

Dag sits in a chair pretending to read through a back issue of Millennium magazine. What he is really looking at - and other office staff - is Blomkvist and Erika in her office, locked in a moderately heated discussion. Dag looks at Ina.

INA
They have a healthy working
relationship really.

Blomkvist opens the office door.

BLOMKVIST
Dag. Can you come back in.

Dag stands, throws down the magazine. It's Blomkvist's Wennerstrom article.

INT. ERIKA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dag enters the office - Blomkvist closes the door.

BLOMKVIST
Take a seat -

ERIKA
We have talked and - well - we feel
that we need more time.

Blomkvist jumps in.

BLOMKVIST
Look - Dag. I think it's a good
project. We both do. But we've just

come through a very - difficult -
situation and this is high profile -

ERIKA

What Mikael is trying to say Dag -

DAG

Wennerstrom.

Blomkvist affirms. Dag looks down at his feet.

BLOMKVIST

Your project is going to make massive
waves - and timewise - then there's
the pre-publishing research,
interviews, sourcing -

ERIKA

It is potentially explosive.

DAG

But Erika, we discussed possible
publication dates -

ERIKA

I'm sorry, we have a monthly meeting
with our team, our investors -

DAG

Vanger?

Erika nods.

DAG

And you think the Vanger family may
not take kindly to - this type - of
story.

Erika and Blomkvist look at each other.

BLOMKVIST

Trafficking, prostitution,
corruption, named authorities...
Dag, it's hot - Perhaps a little too
hot for Millennium. The amount of
red-tape our Lawyers will have to get
around will eat up funds - And then
there's this proposed documentary, I
mean how much is that going to cost?

DAG

I may have finance for that.

BLOMKVIST

From who?

DAG

I can't share my sources -

Blomkvist nods.

BLOMKVIST

Yes you said already - and that is something else I have a problem with. There's an element of trust involved with a piece like this and if your source - whoever he is - isn't going to work with us -

Erika gestures to Blomkvist to back off.

DAG

She is - quite elusive and likes her privacy.

Blomkvist squints at Dag -

BLOMKVIST

...

ERIKA

Checking sources alone - along with your ultimatum of article and film. We've never backed a film before - We'll be sticking our necks out -

DAG

Isn't that what Millennium was started for? A left-wing look on corruption, greed, anti-democratic forces within our country? - Even my source *insisted* I came to you. Why would my source insist Millennium if the facts weren't solid?

ERIKA

We've been burned before -

BLOMKVIST

Wait - Your source recommended Millennium?

DAG

Insisted.

Blomkvist leans against the wall - he and Erika share a look of bemusement.

DAG

So I guess *that is that*.

Dag stands up, picks up his case.

DAG

This story is perfect for Millennium.
It was tailored specifically with
Millennium in mind - from beginning
to end. Millennium is supposed to
expose the greed and corruption in
Sweden. Now it just looks as if it's
in bed with it.

Dag walks out of the office and out of Millennium.

BLOMKVIST

Well that could have gone better.

ERIKA

He's right though -

BLOMKVIST

We don't know who his source is - for
all we know she could be some -
mentally challenged sociopath with
an axe to grind.

Blomkvist drinks the last of his coffee then walks out of Erika's
office -

ERIKA

Mikael - Where are you going?

BLOMKVIST

I've got things to do...

Her words are waste, Blomkvist gets his jacket and leaves
Millennium.

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EXT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - AFTERNOON

Niedermann is sitting outside Bjurman's wood-shed. He checks his watch, it's three twenty-two. *What is Bjurman doing in there?* He stands up.

INT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Inside Bjurman's cabin the fire isn't lit, the air is stagnant and stale. The door clicks, then opens. Niedermann has to duck his head to get inside. He looks around a bit - sees the wall containing all of Bjurman's notes. He turns on a light, his eyes fixate on the picture of Lisbeth. He walks up to the wall, runs his fingers across her picture.

He looks around the board, once again his eyes fixate on a name.

Flashes from a phone light, light up the cabin as Niedermann takes pictures of the wall.

INSERT: Niedermann sends the pictures to ZALA.

Niedermann takes a step back.

INSERT: A set of documents with a Palmgren signature - post-it note with the word 'ZALA?' scribbled on it.

SONY
PICTURES
CONFIDENTIAL

EXT. MILTON SECURITY - ESTABLISHING

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)

Thank you for seeing me on such short notice.

INT. MILTON SECURITY - EVENING

Blomkvist takes off his scarf and sits opposite Dragan Armansky - mid 40s, rather sharp, smooth operator. His office makes use of conservative colours and boring pictures. Blomkvist's chair feels warm - An empty vending machine coffee cup sits on his desk.

ARMANSKY

I hope our meeting is less frivolous as our last.

BLOMKVIST

Well... The subject matter remains the same.

Armansky nods with a sense of irony.

BLOMKVIST

I've been trying to find Lisbeth for some time now and while I'm fairly sure she is safe, I am concerned she may be in danger.

ARMANSKY

From who?

BLOMKVIST

I think I would rather speak to her about that.

ARMANSKY

She is my employee, any concerns you have may be shared with me in total confidence.

BLOMKVIST

Forgive my mistrust, but as a direct result of your companies actions post-Wennerstrom. I now have two computers; one I use with internet access and one without.

ARMANSKY

Very industrious.

BLOMKVIST

Which brings us full circle - I'll cut to the chase. Do you know how I can get in contact with Lisbeth? I have an e-mail, which could be years old, her mobile has been on voicemail for months and she isn't at her flat -

ARMANSKY

Have you thought that she might not want to be contacted?

BLOMKVIST

She's your employee - aren't you concerned in the slightest?

ARMANSKY

I meant by your Mr. Blomkvist.

BLOMKVIST

What makes you think that?

ARMANSKY

It's apparent - don't you think?

Blomkvist realises he may have backed himself into a corner with his previous statement. He looks at the empty, plastic, coffee cup.

BLOMKVIST

Do you think I can get a coffee?

Armansky leans to his phone.

ARMANSKY

Cecil - Can you get Mr. Blomkvist a coffee with...

BLOMKVIST

Cream, sugar.

ARMANSKY

How long has it been since you've seen Salander?

BLOMKVIST

Not since, just after the Hedestad job.

ARMANSKY

What happened at Hedestad?

BLOMKVIST

Didn't Lisbeth already tell you?

ARMANSKY

One man died, a woman came back from the dead. I just want to hear your side.

BLOMKVIST

Well wait for the book.

At loggerheads again, Armansky tries a different approach.

ARMANSKY

I have lost one of my most talented employees after the Vanger *situation*.

BLOMKVIST

So you haven't seen her?

ARMANSKY

I didn't say that -

BLOMKVIST

But she hasn't worked here and you want her back?

Armansky holds his cards close. His secretary comes in, places down a coffee cup on a place-mat. She picks up the used plastic coffee cup, looks inside, sniffs it, huffs and takes it out. Blomkvist notices this.

BLOMKVIST

You know - I get the feeling that you have seen Lisbeth. Fairly recent too.

ARMANSKY

And I get the feeling you aren't being forthcoming with me about the nature of her work with you at Hedestad.

BLOMKVIST

We're going around in circles here - You must want something or you wouldn't have agreed to see me.

Armansky ponders the situation -

ARMANSKY

Whatever it was at Hedestad. It must have interested her - What was the nature of your work?

BLOMKVIST

Well that's confide-

The penny drops. Blomkvist retorts. He collects his belongings.

BLOMKVIST

Can I get back to you on that? - I have
to go -

ARMANSKY

Have you tried her girlfriend?

BLOMKVIST

Girlfriend?

Armansky looks at Blomkvist.

BLOMKVIST

Oh...

ARMANSKY

Mimmi Wu.

BLOMKVIST

Thanks -

Blomkvist leaves the office - calls Erika

BLOMKVIST

Set up another meeting with Dag
Svensson, maybe we were a little
harsh on him... And get Ina on a girl
called Mimmi Wu.

How could he not see this before?

SONY
PICTURES

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EXT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - ESTABLISHING.

INT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - EVENING

It is night - the wooded area outside the cabin is beginning to resemble a horror film. Niedermann is sitting on the floor of the cabin, seemingly meditating. He has calming music playing from his phone.

EXT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Bjurman exits the wood-shed, sweating, dirty and huffing - drinking a bottle of water. He walks around to his cabin.

INT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Niedermann hears Bjurman. He opens his eyes, calmly turns off his music - dials a number.

INSERT: Cellphone screen reads: *Dialling Zala.*

Zala answers - Niedermann presses the speakerphone button. The door clicks open, Niedermann eyes dilate, Bjurman enters, Niedermann leaps up, the cellphone falls to the ground.

INSERT: Cellphone screen reads: *ZALA Call duration: 0:04.*

Bjurman screams in fright, Niedermann's massive hands grab Bjurman's ears, Bjurman's hands grasp Niedermann's but are small in comparison. Bjurman's feet are raised off the ground, Bjurman shrieks in terror.

BJURMAN

What are you...

INSERT: Cellphone screen.

Zala can be heard laughing on the other end of the line.

EXT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Bjurman's screams are somewhat muted - Niedermann kicks the door of the cabin shut.

INT. THE MILL - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

Blomkvist looks a sheep amongst the wolves as he traverses the

cacophony of electro, screaming and laughing. It is a Goth's paradise. Blomkvist is looking at his cellphone.

INSERT: Blomkvist's cellphone - picture of Salander at The Mill club with her arm around a pretty looking Asian woman. Message from Ina reads: *From Mimmi Wu's photostream, don't get drunk without me xxxx* -

Blomkvist smiles as he looks around the sea of black, leather-clad, multi-sexual figures.

By the bar, Ina turns away from a biker - 30s. She runs to Blomkvist and jumps on him - Blomkvist couldn't be more out of place. A middle-aged man with a seventeen year old girl wrapped around him. Men would pay for this.

INA

Kalle - I thought you weren't going to come.

Ina steps back - Blomkvist is taken aback by her appearance. She is sporting skin-tight leather pants, a low cropped top, bangles, a barbed wire necklace and make-up so heavy, you could peel it with a spoon.

BLOMKVIST

Ina -

INA

I know, it's great isn't it?

She has obviously had a few too many. She tries to drag him to the bar, but he stands still.

INA

Come on - Let your hair down.

Blomkvist gives in.

BLOMKVIST

Just one. We're here on business.

Ina jumps in, gives him a quick kiss. Blomkvist is in shock - and awe - they stand at the bar.

INA

Meet my friend, Carl.

BLOMKVIST

HI.

Blomkvist smiles, Carl snarls.

INT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Bjurman is half naked, tied to a chair that is turned on it's back. He is whimpering, snotted and on the verge of crying. His ears are swollen red - one is visibly damaged.

BJURMAN
I've told you all I know.

INSERT: Cellphone on floor next to Bjurman - screen reads : Zala
- *Call duration: 32:21.*

ZALA (O.C.)
Ronald.

'Ronald' Niedermann, strikes the bottom of Bjurman's soles with a barbed retractable metal cane.

BJURMAN
STOP! STOP! *Please stop.*

ZALA (O.C.)
I cannot hear you through the pain my friend.

INSERT: On the floor directly below his feet is a puddle of off-brown, murky water.

ZALA (O.C.)
Where is she?

BJURMAN
I don't know, that is why I contacted you. I have her statements, she's back. *I had no idea I swear...*

ZALA (O.C.)
Yes. To get your - property - back. You told us this, now focus.

BJURMAN
I had no idea...

ZALA (O.C.)
What is this property that she has of yours?

Bjurman is whimpering in pain, drifting in-and-out of consciousness. He is fading.

ZALA (O.C.)
Ronald -

Niedermann picks up a bottle of vinegar from the table - dowses

Bjurman's feet. Bjurman screams in pain.

BJURMAN
Milk - Milk - Milk!

ZALA (O.C.)
What does she have of yours?

Bjurman can hardly get the words out.

BJURMAN
A video of me and her - Milk - Milk!

ZALA (O.C.)
Milk Ronald.

Niedermann douses Bjurman's feet with Milk. His toes wiggle.
Bjurman whimpers.

ZALA (O.C.)
And finally. How did you find me and
what do you want?

BJURMAN
The report from Palmgren, it is up
there. He has all your details and
history, the psychologists report
from St. Stephens, everything - I
thought you might want to find her
too.

Bjurman tips his head back and starts wincing in pain.
Niedermann whips his feet again.

ZALA (O.C.)
Ronald. Give him time -

BJURMAN
I want to kill her. I want to kill her.
I want to take from her what she took
from me.

ZALA (O.C.)
And what was that?

BJURMAN
My freedom -

INSERT: Close on photograph of Salander on the wall of Bjurman's
apartment.

Bjurman pleads as Niedermann empties vinegar on his feet.

INT. THE MILL - NIGHT

Salander walks into The Mill with Mimmi Wu - mid 20s Asian girl - words are coming out but Salander is not listening. *Mikael fucking Blomkvist* is at the bar. *Mikael fucking Blomkvist with a slutty little steed - what is he doing here?*

Her eyes are fixated on him - she looks as if she is about to scream with frustration. Her legs feel like jelly, Mimmi's words are now null and void - *Mikael fucking Blomkvist -*

Blomkvist is downing a shot with Ina at the bar. Carl is not amused - Mikael has cock-blocked him.

BLOMKVIST

So how did you two meet?

INA

He gave me a lift here - on his bike, isn't that great?

Blomkvist is slurring his words, he leans into Ina. Tunnel vision - shit!

BLOMKVIST

Is that all he gave you?

Ina smiles. Her face distorts slightly as Blomkvist realises he may have had one too many. He shakes his head as he feels a slight shiver down his spine. Carl laughs.

Blomkvist bats his eyes - tries to say something, but before he can, he is whisked to the dance floor by Ina.

BLOMKVIST

...Ina -

He looks at Ina, she turns and smiles at him. Before he knows it they are on the dance floor. *Wait is that Lisbeth?*

INA

Wooo - Come on Kalle...

Ina and Blomkvist dance, he starts to head-bang. That is *totally not like him*. Ina grabs his backside -- pulls her into him, they kiss. Looks over her shoulder. *Is that?*

INA

Go Kalle.

They pull apart - Blomkvist shakes his head to regain his senses. Salander walks behind Ina - She presses up against her - they dance.

BLOMKVIST

Lisb -

Salander looks directly at Blomkvist, as Blomkvist raises his head to rub his face he is knocked from behind. He stumbles and is caught, he stands up - Salander is standing in front of him.

SALANDER

(inaudible)

What are you fucking doing here?

BLOMKVIST

(inaudible)

I'm having a great time thanks.

She finds it hard to hold a smile back.

SALANDER

(inaudible)

You're fucking high.

BLOMKVIST

(inaudible)

No - she's seventeen.

Salander thinks for a moment - Ina comes up behind Salander, tries to jump in - Salander turns to her mutters some words then pushes her to the ground.

SALANDER

We're going.

She grabs Blomkvist's belt, leads him off the dance floor. As she leads him out of the club, she walks straight past Mimmi - Carl stops Salander - Salander looks at him, she elbows him in the jaw, he retaliates, Salander sways back - Blomkvist is hit square in the face - he falls dragging Salander's handbag with him - Blomkvist lays on the floor, dazed and bleeding - He is picked up, dragged outside - barged by doormen - fresh air... Taxi... Darkness...

EXT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - ESTABLISHING

Break of dawn.

INT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - MORNING

Bjurman's shrine of Salander has all-but-half been confiscated - light flickering - boxes gone - Bjurman gone. Two scratches on the floor leading out of the door.

EXT. BJURMAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Two deep tracks in the grass lead from Bjurman's cabin to the wood-shed. The wood-shed door is creaking in the morning wind. The door slams shut with a gust of air.

INT. INA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Blomkvist snaps awake, Ina comes in holding two coffee's. Blomkvist looks around the colourfully stylish living area. His head is throbbing.

INA
Morning Kalle -

Blomkvist squints as the pain of an eye wound kicks in. His head dips back and he lets out an almighty sigh.

BLOMKVIST
*I don't - I don't even know where to
begin.*

He rolls over onto his side, slumps on the couch. He looks at a handbag on the floor - drifts off to sleep.

INT. INA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Blomkvist is awoken by his cellphone - He looks at it - It's Erika. He presses the silent button. Ina is sitting at a desk near the window wearing a vest, a skimpy pair of shorts - no socks.

INA
I thought you were never going to wake
up - Your coffee's gone cold.

BLOMKVIST
Thanks -

Blomkvist picks up a take-away coffee from the floor. It is cold, he doesn't care.

BLOMKVIST

Ina, excuse the language - But what fucking happened last night?

Ina takes a breath in and rolls her eyes clockwise.

INT. SALANDER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Salander sits on the bare floor of a top floor spacious apartment. The windows are blacked out with the only source of light coming from a few badly placed lamps. She is smoking a cigarette, flicking a lighter - watching the flame - then putting it out. Her lip is cut, she has a bruise near her eye. Mimmi walks into the room.

MIMMI

What are you doing?

SALANDER

Working. Thinking.

MIMMI

You've only just come back.

SALANDER

I'm sorry - I have stuff to do.

MIMMI

What time did you -

Mimmi walks around to front her - she looks at Salander's face.

MIMMI

What happened? Did he do this?

SALANDER

No. Some big fucking dog followed me home.

MIMMI

Who?

SALANDER

I don't know yet. It's not safe here - don't go back to my flat.

MIMMI

But I'll have to get my stuff.

SALANDER

I will buy you new stuff. Just don't go back there, ever.

MIMMI

Why? - What's going on?

SALANDER

Some bad men are doing stuff they shouldn't be.

MIMMI

What are they doing?

SALANDER

All the evil.

INT. CAFE - MORNING

Dag Svensson sits with Erika in a cafe. He holds a case. They drink coffee. Erika places her phone on the table.

ERIKA

I'll try Mikael again in a few minutes. He's probably stuck in traffic. In the meantime, why don't you tell me about the documentary film.

DAG

It still needs editing together and we still need some ADR - But it gives a lot of back-story to trafficking in Sweden, the Russian sex-trade, organised crime dating back to the beginning of the EU -

ERIKA

And what do you need to finish it?

DAG

I'll need help on cataloguing and compiling. Sorting footage -

ERIKA

We have some interns we can certainly help with that -

INT. INA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Blomkvist is drinking a glass of water near a basin. He is pressing a bag of ice against his eye.

BLOMKVIST

Are you sure it was the girl in the photo?

INSERT: Ina's cellphone - Picture of Salander and Mimmi Wu.

INA

Yes.

BLOMKVIST

I don't remember any of that - thanks to your friend.

INA

He wasn't my friend -

BLOMKVIST

Wait, so he *didn't* attack me because of you?

INA

He didn't, he attacked her.

BLOMKVIST

This is just crazy.

INA

I picked you up and brought you back here.

Blomkvist's cellphone rings - He answers.

EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Erika stands outside the Cafe, Dag is in the background sitting at a table.

ERIKA

Why aren't you here?

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)

I'll be there soon.

ERIKA

What am I meant to do until then?

BLOMKVIST (O.C.)

Just tell him one of your jokes.

Blomkvist hangs up - Erika turns to Dag.

INT. SALANDER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Salander sits on her laptop. She browses her computer.

INSERT: Salander scrolls through files on her home screen. Files are - *Blomkvist... Poborsky... Armansky... Hagel... Svensson... Kurt... Erikson... Bjurman*.

She bites her lip - types in commands.

Looking through his emails, she clicks on the deleted folder. Browsing through, she stops on a specific e-mail.

INSERT: Email header reads: *Cosmetic Tattoo removal services, Paris*.

Salander closes her laptop lid.

INT. INA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Blomkvist walks to Ina's front door.

INA
Kalle, your friend's bag.

BLOMKVIST
What?

Ina walks to a small black handbag, it has a chain for a strap and a skull for a clasp.

INA
This is your friends bag.

BLOMKVIST
Are you sure?

INA
Well it isn't mine.

BLOMKVIST
Erm, you sure?

INA
You don't remember anything from last night?

Ina gets close to Blomkvist - puts her hand on his face.

BLOMKVIST

Nothing. Look, I'll see you in work.
Don't breath a word of this, alright?

INA

Sure.

Ina smiles as Blomkvist leaves.

EXT. BJURMAN'S APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING

INT. BJURMAN'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING

Salander walks past a neighbour on the stairs - arrives at Bjurman's door - she waits for the neighbour to leave the building - pokes a microphone through his letterbox. *No-one is home* - unlocks his door, walks through.

INT. BJURMAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Bjurman's apartment is a mess. Bottles scattered in his living room, empty takeaway boxes, flies dance around. Books are pulled from shelves - *it looks likes someone has searched this shit-hole.*

Moving through to the study - creak - she sits at his desk to look through his drawers. She finds nothing of interest, *it looks as it has previously been searched.* She feels underneath the desk - *Is that a Gun?* - She pulls the gun from under the desk, it is a Dirty Harry gun. Looking at a paper tray, she picks up a document.

INSERT: Invoice reads - *Musicallyminded.com | N E Bjurman (8983293) | Scan SPY-100 (CHARCOAL) Acoustic foam panel tiles 425mm x 425mm x 100mm (16) -*

SALANDER

What the fuck?

She picks up his telephone, presses redial. After a few rings, the call connects. Someone answers -

SALANDER

Who is this?

The line goes quiet. Salander searches through other mail.

ZALA

Lisbeth...

Salander slams the phone down in a state of panic. *Who was that?*

How did he know my name? What the fuck is going on?

The rattling of a door being unlocked - Salander jumps to attention, grabs the gun. Leans against a wall by the doorway - Carl is walking into the hallway... creeping toward the study. Salander quickly takes her phone out.

INSERT: Salander's cellphone, presses video record.

She slowly pokes the lens of her phone around the corner for a few seconds then drags it back.

INSERT: Salander's cellphone, presses play. Video of Carl slowly walking down the hallway.

Salander walks to a window - looks outside.

INSERT: Back yard with a garage below the window.

Salander walks back to the door way, quietly cocks the gun...

A floorboard creaks as Carl walks into the study - Salander smiles.

SALANDER

Hello ass hole.

Carl jumps, raises his hands. He exhales sharply - *fucked it up again.*

EXT. CAFE - MORNING

Blomkvist gets out of a taxi at the Cafe where he was supposed to meet Erika and Dag earlier. He walks to the table - Erika and Dag share a joke.

ERIKA

Mikael you're here.

Blomkvist takes a seat he looks terrible. Erika notices his black eye.

ERIKA

What happened?

BLOMKVIST

Long story, I'll tell you after. Dag, timeframe?

DAG

Three months - perhaps two.

BLOMKVIST
Dependant on what?

ERIKA
I told Dag that we may be able to help him with the fact checking, confrontations and the image design.

BLOMKVIST
And what about the documentary film?

DAG
I have all the footage right here, it just need splicing together.

ERIKA
I thought Johannes could help with the footage and Ina could assist Dag.

BLOMKVIST
She's only been here for three months.

ERIKA
(stern)
All the more reason, she will work fast. I'll introduce you tomorrow.

BLOMKVIST
You'll need a top researcher. Compile a worksheet and I'll setup a meeting for you with Dragan Armansky of Milton Security.

ERIKA
Is that really necessary?

BLOMKVIST
If we're going to publish, we need to go through this with a fine-tooth comb.

DAG
It's tight.

BLOMKVIST
Be that as it may, we will need to double-check. I will need copies of all your material e-mailed to me by ten o'clock tonight.

DAG
That will take hours.

ERIKA
We'll set you up in the office today.
I'll help you out.

INT. BJURMAN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Carl is sitting on a chair in Bjurman's study. Salander has a gun on him.

SALANDER
Why are you following me?

CARL
Fuck off dyke bitch cunt!

Salander spins the gun around, hits him on the crown with the butt of the gun.

SALANDER
Don't call me a cunt. Why are you following me?

CARL
Cunt -

Salander goes to hit him, he parries - the gun goes off. He punches her - cuts her lip, she stumbles back, he lunges and grabs her arm, they lock, she knees him in the groin, he drops rolling to his side. Down the hallway, Niedermann walks through the door. Carl looks at him.

CARL
Now you're fucked.

Salander trots to the door - sees Niedermann - Niedermann sees her. She turns to her side, runs toward the window, shoots the window - jumps out onto the garage. Lands on her side - rolls off onto the floor - stands up, hobbles across a patch of grass, over a fence.

Niedermann is at the window, he smiles.

CARL
I fucking had her man, she pulled a gun on me. Where were you, I called you like a fucking hour ago. I waited for her all -

Niedermann walks to Carl, grabs his jaw and mouth.

EXT. BJURMAN'S BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

INSERT: Salander is peeking through a knot in the fence.

Carl flies out of the window - lands on the garage. *Crack.*

CARL

My ankle, my ankle. Niedermann you
cocksucker, tell Zala to go fuck
himself. Fuck you and Zala!

SALANDER

Zala?

Salander puts the gun in her belt then hobbles off.

INT. BJURMAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Niedermann looks around the place - old varnished wood
everywhere. Walks to the kitchen looks at the oven. He takes
out a petrol lighter, lights it, places it on the sideboard.
He pulls the oven away from the wall - *hiss* -

EXT. BJURMAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A hooded Niedermann exits Bjurman's house - walks down the
street, turns a corner - BOOM - an explosion can be heard in
the background. He takes out some gum - sticks it in his mouth,
takes out his phone

INSERT: Niedermann's message to Zala reads: *eyes on in pairsoot.*

Over a hedge, Carl falls to the ground - sees Niedermann - tries
to hobble away.

CARL

I didn't mean what I said.

Niedermann catches up to him, scrags him by the collar.
Niedermann throws Carl into the passenger side of a van.

INT. MILLENNIUM OFFICE'S - ESTABLISHING

INT. MILLENNIUM OFFICE'S - AFTERNOON

Blomkvist is drinking coffee sitting on a desk. Dag is scanning files - Erika is in her office talking on the phone. Blomkvist is tutoring Dag.

BLOMKVIST

If at any time you feel as though someone may be watching you - don't let *them* know, that *you* know, that *you* are onto them. Call the Police and tell them you think you're being followed, then walk to the nearest station. Use main roads, try to non-conspicuously look at any CCTV cameras you may pass. Don't confront them -

DAG

Even though some Police are on the John list?

BLOMKVIST

Yes - if they don't do anything about it, they will just look as guilty themselves. Where is your list of johns?

DAG

Here.

Dag hands Blomkvist a list of names.

BLOMKVIST

Bloody hell. And you have evidence all of these have visited the shops?

DAG

Yes, the green ticks mean we have video evidence too.

BLOMKVIST

Jesus. I know of some of these. Lawyers, barristers - This is great work Dag.

DAG

Thanks - Who do you know?

BLOMKVIST

More than I should - When are you planning on the confrontations?

Ina walks through the door. Blomkvist waves Ina over.

DAG

Some today, some through the week -
There are a few I haven't addresses
for, I've got numbers, but -

Ina comes over, she is holding a handbag. She hands it to Blomkvist and whispers in his ear.

BLOMKVIST

Are you sure?

Ina nods. Blomkvist rifles through the bag, he finds a bunch of keys as well as other personals.

BLOMKVIST

Have you tried the lottery trick?

DAG

Lottery trick?

INT. MILLENNIUM OFFICE'S - MOMENTS LATER

Blomkvist dials a number of the list - It rings then goes to voicemail.

BLOMKVIST

Good afternoon I'm hoping to reach
Gunnar Björck - My name is Glenn Hysén
- no relation. I'm calling on behalf
of Nokia telecommunications from
Indigo marketing. I'm to inform you
that your name was entered into a
prize draw for a chance to win a brand
new Nokia handset and tablet.
Congratulations, you won. As a
winner, you are also automatically
entered into a prize draw for a chance
to win *one hundred thousand* Krona. If
you would like to claim your prize,
please visit our website at
www.indiegomarketing.se.com. There
you can register your details so one
of our agents will organise delivery
of your new handset. Thank you for
your time - and remember - Nokia,
connecting people.

Blomkvist hangs up - Dag gives him a round of applause. Blomkvist smiles with a little bow of the head.

BLOMKVIST

Now all you need to do is check our phony website, I'll email you the login details later -

DAG

That was brilliant.

BLOMKVIST

A little trick I learnt from friend - Speaking of friends Dag, this is Ina. She'll be helping you with your work - Ina, Dag.

INA

HI -

DAG

Hello - Mikael, I just have one question - Who is Glenn Hysén?

Blomkvist laughs.

BLOMKVIST

Oh - Before I forget, here is the number for Dragan Armansky. Like I said, give him the rundown, mention my name - He'll want to meet you naturally, and when you do, ask for his best researcher. He'll know who I mean.

DAG

Salander?

BLOMKVIST

How do you know that name?

DAG

Erika -

Blomkvist looks around at Erika in her office - she is still on her phone.

BLOMKVIST

Listen, I have to pop out for a bit. Why don't you to get to know each other - You'll be seeing plenty of each other from hereon in. Ina, could I have a word?

INT. MILLENNIUM OFFICE'S STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Blomkvist and Ina walk into the stairwell. Blomkvist ensures that the door is fully shut.

BLOMKVIST

Ina, not a word to Dag about last night okay?

INA

Sure Kalle.

BLOMKVIST

Another thing - Please, just call me Mikael.

Mikael walks to leave the office.

INA

Where are you going?

BLOMKVIST

If anyone asks - Tell them I'm going to play the lottery.

EXT. STOCKHOLM - ESTABLISHING

SALANDER (O.C.)

Where are you?

MIMMI (O.C.)

I just had to pick up some things.

INT. STOCKHOLM - AFTERNOON

Salander is walking off her limp - she is on her cellphone.

SALANDER

Where are you?

MIMMI (O.C.)

I just came back to your flat to pick up some things.

SALANDER

My new one?

MIMMI (O.S.)

No, your old one, relax, no-one -

SALANDER

Get out, get out now.

Salander begins to pick up the pace.

INT. SALANDER'S OLD APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mimmi is packing up her clothes.

MIMMI

Lisbeth, I checked, no-one is here.

A knock on the door.

EXT. STOCKHOLM - CONTINUOUS

SALANDER

Don't answer it.

Salander hobbles around a corner to her new apartment.

INT. SALANDER'S OLD APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Knock, knock, knock.

MIMMI

Lisbeth - Who is it?

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

Salander is hobbling down the ramp of a tunnel.

SALANDER

Hide, now!

INT. SALANDER'S OLD APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The sounds of the door opening startle Mimmi. She drops, rolls under the bed.

MIMMI

He's in. Lisbeth what the fuck -

SALANDER (O.S.)

Don't panic, stay on the phone, I'll be there in five minutes.

The sound of a motorbike starting blasts out of Mimmi's phone. She quickly adjusts the volume.

EXT. SALANDER'S NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Quite a quiet time of day. Serenity is disturbed as a motorbike flies out of an underground car park, screeches left, then burns down the road.

INT. SALANDER'S OLD APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mimmi is looking out from under the bed. She hears footsteps around the apartment. The fridge opens - more footsteps, closer. The creak of the bedroom door. A pair of comfortable smart shoes walk into the bedroom.

BLOMKVIST
(under his breath)
Lisbeth, where the *fuck* are you.

Mimmi knows the voice, she crawls from under the bed, Blomkvist jumps.

BLOMKVIST
FUCK!

BLOMKVIST
Mimmi Wu - What are you doing here?

MIMMI
What? - How did you even get in?

BLOMKVIST
I have Lisbeth's keys.

MIMMI
And you just came in?

BLOMKVIST
I'm worried about Lisbeth.

MIMMI
Really?

Mimmi grabs the keys - throws them on the bed.

BLOMKVIST
I think she might be in trouble, where is she?

MIMMI
Just go, she's on her way and if she finds you here.

BLOMKVIST
On her way here?

Mimmi goes to walk into the main living area.

MIMMI

She thought you were some -

Niedermann grabs Mimmi from out of the bedroom door.

MIMMI

Get off!

Niedermann clasps his giant hand around her mouth.

Carl hobbles around, entering the bedroom.

CARL

Look who it is.

Blomkvist is shocked, visually frightened.

BLOMKVIST

You're - Carl - Hi, how are you?

Carl grabs Blomkvist - pulls him into the living area.

EXT. SALANDER'S OLD APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Salander pulls up on her motorbike, stops, flips up her visor, looks at the van.

INT. SALANDER'S OLD APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Carl throws Blomkvist to the floor - Mimmi is standing near the window, half looking at a gun toting Niedermann - half looking out of the window.

INTERCUT: Salander looks at Mimmi up at her window - Mimmi is holding her hands above her head.

CARL

I knew I knew your face - You're that big hotshot lawyer, right?

Blomkvist looks up at Carl.

MIMMI

What do you want?

Niedermann walks to Mimmi - Pulls her to the floor.

INTERCUT: Salander curses - she's too late.

CARL
Yeah, the mafia banker, last y...

Niedermann gestures to Carl to shut up. He walks around the apartment looking for something. Mimmi looks at Blomkvist.

INSERT: The view from street. Niedermann walks to the window - looks out - Salander is nowhere to be seen.

INT. MILLENNIUM OFFICES - AFTERNOON

Dag and Ina are talking - Ina is being her usual flirtatious self.

DAG
These are all the lists of the people who visit the whore house - what you need to do is correlate their names against this footage -

INA
And all the footage is labelled as surveillance?

DAG
Yes, but in the meta-data you will find their names.

INA
How do I get the, *meta-data*?

DAG
Don't worry, I'll show you. All you need to do is get screenshots, print them, and attach them to -

INA
To the relevant file.

DAG
You're a fast learner.

Dag and Ina share a smile.

DAG
But, but -

Dag picks up the list of names.

DAG
Bjork has no surveillance, and I also

need to get... *This guy* on record.

Erika comes from her office.

ERIKA

I've checked with legal, you can begin to get interviews and confrontations when you please -

DAG

Yes, I'm going to call this journalist and try to get him on record with a bit of information on Zala. Mikael helped me with one - he showed me the lottery trick -

Erika smiles.

ERIKA

Did he? - Hello Ina.

INA

Hello.

ERIKA

Where is Mikael?

INA

He said he was just popping out to do the lottery, shouldn't be long.

ERIKA

Ina, has Dag filled you in with what he needs you to do?

INA

Yes.

ERIKA

Well you can use the conference room, we need Dag's work scanned, archived and printed -

INA

Sure.

Ina toddles off with various files and a laptop.

ERIKA

Dag, did Mikael say where he was going exactly?

Dag is sifting through paperwork as he holds a phone receiver to his ear.

DAG
I'm not sure, sorry -

ERIKA
Okay - well how can I help?

DAG
I have to do some call-outs - But
Mikael said I have to call a... Dragan
Armansky from Milton Security, to get
a meeting?

Dag picks up a post-it note from his monitor.

ERIKA
Do you want me to ring him?

DAG
That would be of great help.

Erika takes the post-it note - walks away but turns back.

ERIKA
Mikael didn't say anything to you at
all?

DAG
Yes, I mean no, sorry.

ERIKA
How did he seem?

DAG
A bit stressed.

Erika nods and turns away.

SONY
PICTURES
CONFIDENTIAL

EXT. SALANDER'S OLD APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING

INT. SALANDER'S OLD APARTMENT - EVENING

Blomkvist looks stressed, lying on a rug aside of Mimmi. Niedermann sits on a chair guarding them as Carl hobbles around the flat.

CARL

What are we doing here man?

Niedermann glares at Carl with a 'Shut up' look about him.

BLOMKVIST

We're waiting for Lisbeth. He figures if he holds us long enough - he won't need to do the leg-work.

CARL

Who asked you?

BLOMKVIST

No-one. But your friend doesn't appear to be in a chatty mood.

Niedermann stands up, walks to the window. Blomkvist is wary, thinks Niedermann is coming to attack him.

MIMMI

I've told you, she isn't in Stockholm.

CARL

And I told you to shut up - lying Dyke.

Carl walks to Mimmi, kicks her.

BLOMKVIST

Is that really necessary?

Niedermann picks up Blomkvist by the arm - gestures to Carl.

CARL

Where the fuck are we going? I got pizza coming -

EXT. SALANDER'S OLD APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Niedermann, Mimmi, Carl and Blomkvist walk out of the apartment block. Niedermann is holding Blomkvist and Carl is holding

Mimmi. Niedermann stops short of throwing them in the van. Niedermann looks around.

CARL
The fuck man? Anyone could see us.

BLOMKVIST
That's what he wants.

Blomkvist looks around the area for Salander.

CARL
Come on man - Zala won't be happy
that we're fucking about.

Niedermann opens the side-door to the van - launches Blomkvist into the van. As Carl forces Mimmi into the van, we see that Salander is on top of the van.

INT. MILLENNIUM OFFICE'S - EVENING

Dag is at his desk making phone calls. He hangs up the phone after a fruitless call. Erika walks in from her office.

ERIKA
Armansky will see you tomorrow. I've
briefed him - he thinks he might have
someone. How are the call-outs going?

Dag looks pissed off.

ERIKA
That good huh?

Dag shows Erika the list.

DAG
These ones go to straight to
voicemail and these are cut off. I
have a few home numbers, but I'm a bit
apprehensive about -

ERIKA
About calling them at home.

DAG
I don't mind confronting them out in
the street, or... Over their cell -
But.

Erika takes a look at the list.

ERIKA
You need to look at this objectively
-

Erika smiles at a name on the list.

DAG
You know someone?

ERIKA
Yes, you could say that.

INT./EXT. VAN - STOCKHOLM - EVENING

Niedermann and Carl sit in the front seats of a speeding van.

MIMMI
Where are you taking us?

CARL
Somewhere safe sugar, don't you worry.

BLOMKVIST
She isn't going to follow us.

MIMMI
She isn't even in Stockholm - Are you listening to me you fat fuck?

CARL
When we're done with you bitch, I'm going to give you something to shut that big mouth of yours. See if that Salander slut has turned you full dyke.

Niedermann looks at Carl.

CARL
What?

On the roof, Salander holds on as the van speeds down a country lane.

INT. SANDSTROM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Sandstrom is sitting with his family playing a board game. The phone rings -

INT. MILLENNIUM OFFICE'S - CONTINUOUS

Dag sits at his desk with the phone on speakerphone. Erika sits alongside his desk. Someone answers the phone -

YOUNG GIRL (O.C.)
Hello?

DAG
Hello, is your Daddy home?

YOUNG GIRL (O.C.)
Yes.

Someone grabs the phone.

ANNE (O.C.)
Hello, I'm sorry, who is this?

DAG
Hello, this is Dag, I'm a colleague of Per's. Is he home?

ANNE (O.C.)
I'm sorry, we're just having some family time at the moment - can I take a message for him?

Dag is stuck for what to say. Erika quickly points to a piece of paper.

DAG
Yes - It's Dag Svensson at Millennium. If you could just ask Per to get back to me about that information on Zala, I'd be very grateful indeed. I can be reached on this number.

ANNE (O.C.)
Sure, I'll give him your message.

DAG
Thank you. Good evening.

ANNE (O.C.)
Good evening.

INT. SANDSTROM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Anne Sandstrom rejoins the family - Sandstrom sits playing teasing his daughter.

SANDSTROM
Who was that?

Anne glares at Sandstrom - *It's family time.*

SANDSTROM
Who was it?

ANNE
A colleague, Svensson at Millennium.
Asked for the information on Zala.

Sandstrom looks unnerved.

EXT. BARN - EVENING

The van drives down a muddy path towards an old barn. Salander rolls down - jumps from the top of the van. Salander ducks, creeps around to a bush, she lies prone beside an embankment. Her leg is still hurting.

The van stops near the barn, Carl and Niedermann get out and pull Blomkvist and Mimmi from the loadspace, they are frog-marched into the barn.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The barn is dim with only one isolated light. He throws Blomkvist to the floor. Carl pushes Mimmi.

CARL
Sit.

Niedermann's cellphone rings, he takes it out.

INSERT: Niedermann's cellphone reads: ZALA.

Niedermann throws his phone to Carl, Carl answers, puts the phone on speakerphone.

CARL
Zala, it's Carl.

ZALA (O.C.)
Where is Ronald?

CARL
Here, entertaining our guests.

ZALA (O.C.)
Where is she?

CARL
She'll come.

ZALA (O.C.)
She's a clever girl - don't be so sure.

CARL
What do you want us to do?

ZALA (O.C.)
We need to change tact.

CARL
What do you mean?

MIMMI
They're going to kill us.

Blomkvist shushes Mimmi. Niedermann takes a pair of old rusty manacles from a hook and looks stumped as he tries to work out how he is going to restrain two people with one set of restraints.

ZALA (O.C.)
We need to entice the mouse to come to us.

CARL
I thought that was -

ZALA (O.C.)
Don't think, just do -

CARL
Okay, what shall we do?

The line goes quiet for a moment. Niedermann loops the manacle around a load bearing post, then manacles them both -

Salander creeps around the outside of the barn looking for a vantage point. She finds a loose piece of wood - she looks through.

ZALA (O.C.)

We have an urgent matter to attend to.
You have the girlfriend?

CARL

And that lawyer from the Wennerstrom
thing last year.

ZALA (O.C.)

Who?

BLOMKVIST

Mikael Blomkvist from Millennium
magazine, and I'm a journalist. The
Police know what we're
investigating.

ZALA (O.C.)

Hahaha, this is too perfect.

Blomkvist looks confused.

ZALA (O.C.)

Nice try Mr. Blomkvist - I have been
informed all about your -
investigation.

The blood runs from Blomkvist's face. Carl laughs along with
Zala.

BLOMKVIST

But they don't know of the secret
documents that outline your criminal
past as well as your sex trafficking
organisation, right here in
Stockholm.

ZALA (O.C.)

Hahaha - Mr. Blomkvist is trying to
bargain out of his position - Carl,
what does his expression tell you?

CARL

That he's shitting himself.

ZALA (O.C.)

Hahaha - Good. He is shitting himself
because he knows he doesn't really
have anything to bargain with. Both
I and Mr. Blomkvist know that a man
called *Dag Svensson* is currently
sitting in the Millennium offices as
we speak, trying to get one of my
clients to go on the record.

Carl smirks at Blomkvist.

CARL
Good luck with that.

BLOMKVIST
I also have a footage that directly
links you to the...

ZALA (O.C.)
Please, I have been in this business
long enough to know when a man is
trying to bargain for his life - Carl,
pass me to Niedermann.

Carl passes the phone to Niedermann, he takes it off
speakerphone - Zala talks to him. Blomkvist looks at Niedermann
intently. After a few seconds, Niedermann hangs up the phone,
then walks to a dark corner of the barn.

BLOMKVIST
Listen. You're making a big mistake
-

Salander peers into the barn through a broken piece of wood.

MIMMI
Don't bother, they couldn't make a
decision even if they were allowed.

Salander looks around, she finds an axe lodged in the top of
a tree stump.

Niedermann walks to Blomkvist and Mimmi with a gas can.

Salander walks back to the barn and peers through the broken
piece of wood. She sees that Niedermann is holding a gas can
-

SALANDER
Hey!

Salander knocks on the barn with the back of the axe, then runs
away into the forest.

CARL
That's her.

Niedermann nods to Carl - Carl runs out of the barn. Niedermann
begins to pour gas around the barn.

BLOMKVIST
Can you get loose?

MIMMI

No -

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Carl runs into the forest, he stops, looking around, hears a noise behind him. He turns around - THUMP -

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Niedermann pours gas on the barn door - walks backwards to Blomkvist and Mimmi. He turns to pour gas on them, but only a tiny amount drops out. Mimmi manoeuvres and kicks Niedermann in the groin. He reels back slightly, but looks unfazed and unhurt. Niedermann walks away, leaves the barn, locks a chain around the barn door.

Salander slowly walks to the edge of the forest. Niedermann lights the barn on fire, steps back - Salander runs around the back of the barn - Niedermann looks around for Carl, walks to the van, opens the door - honks the horn.

Salander chops away at a section of the barn, she makes a hole big enough to crawl through. Smoke billows out of the hole - she covers her mouth and jumps in.

Niedermann looks around for Carl, *nowhere to be seen* - he enters the forest - Inside the barn Salander runs to Blomkvist and Mimmi. The smoke is thick black. Salander tries to axe the chain but the axe is too blunt to break the Iron links. She looks at both Mimmi and Blomkvist.

SALANDER

I'm sorry.

Salander grabs Mimmi's arm and swipes at her wrist with the axe.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Niedermann is looking around the edge of the forest. The barn burns in the background - Salander, Mimmi and Blomkvist run from the back of the barn into the forest behind Niedermann. The noise of the fire covers the sound of Mimmi screams and Mikael coughs.

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER.

Salander and Blomkvist hold a crying Mimmi over their shoulder - They come to a clearing near a road - Blomkvist falls onto the floor, coughing and wheezing. Salander drops Mimmi to the ground.

SALANDER
Call an ambulance.

BLOMKVIST
Wait -

Blomkvist can hardly speak for coughing - Before he can get his words out, Salander hobbles off through the forest. Blomkvist takes his phone out - dials the emergency services. He begins to breathe heavily and starts to fade.

